

shall no more forget than I can the dinner at Neuilly when Fouché came out to arrange the quiet entry into Paris without more bloodshed, or the banquet the duke considerably and kindly gave to the Knights of the Bath when I received at his hands the second rank of the Order of the Bath—the fees for which I hope my country will be pleased to pay, for I have not wherewithal.

At Waterloo the Duke of Wellington wore a grey greatcoat, a cape, leather pantaloons, Hessian boots, and a plain, low-crowned cocked hat with a black cockade. The plumed, high-crowned hat with which his statue at Hyde Park Corner is surmounted is simply preposterous—that style was not worn for years after Waterloo—and completely spoils the idea it was intended to convey—the duke as he appeared at Waterloo—but perhaps it was thought artistic. Wellington rode Copenhagen (a chestnut horse which he had ridden at the battle of Toulouse) from four in the morning till twelve at night. If he fed it was on the standing corn as the duke sat in the saddle. When his master dismounted the horse threw up his heels, and was within an ace of kicking him in the head. Copenhagen died blind in 1835, aged twenty-eight, and lies buried within a ring-fence at Strathfieldsaye.

A very fine portrait of the Duke of Wellington, by Jackson, was recently sold by Christie and Manson, from the Lonsdale collection; it is full of character, and accurately represents the Wellington of 1815 in full vigor of mind and body.

The best representation we have seen of him in his later years is that in Landseer's picture of the visit to Waterloo, in the National Gallery. There he is exactly as he used to be seen riding in the streets of London, muttering to himself, and mechanically touching his hat with two fingers, in acknowledgment of the salutes constantly offered to him.

There is good reason to believe that he only visited the battle-field once—about two years after the battle. He did so with great reluctance, and manifested much feeling; he scarcely spoke during the subsequent evening, but was greatly depressed and frequently heaved deep sighs. Rogers had the following from the duke himself:—

Strange impressions come now and then after a battle; and such came to me after the battle of Assaye, in India. I slept in a farmyard; and whenever I awaked, it struck me that I had lost all my friends, so many had I lost in that battle. Again and again, as often as I awaked, did it disturb me. In the morning I inquired anxiously after one and an-

other; nor was I convinced that they were living, till I saw them.

The dress worn by Napoleon at Waterloo was a grey surcoat, green uniform coat, and violet-colored waistcoat and pantaloons. He rode his favorite charger, Marengo, a light dappled horse, whose skeleton is at present in the United Service Museum, with many other interesting Waterloo relics, including a map stained with Picton's blood, which was found in the breast-pocket of his blue frock-coat after his death, and the handkerchief used to stanch the blood when Lord Anglesey's knee was shattered.

We will conclude with an anecdote, given by Lord Albemarle, which speaks favorably for Napoleon.

On the 18th of June his horses had been ordered to be ready at 7 A.M., but the emperor did not come down till nearly noon. The equerry-in-waiting had stolen away to get some breakfast, and it devolved on a *page d'honneur*—M. Gudin—to help the emperor to mount, and he gave him such a hoist that he nearly rolled over on the other side. "Petit imbécile," exclaimed he, "*va-t-en à tous les diables!*" and rode off leaving the unlucky page to follow sadly in the rear. They had ridden some hundred yards when Gudin saw the staff open right and left, and the emperor come riding back. "Mon enfant," said he, putting his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder, "*quand vous aidez un homme de ma taille à monter, il faut le faire doucement.*"

From The Saturday Review.
MRS. MONTAGU.

"MRS. MONTAGU," said Johnson, "has dropped me. Now, sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wished to be dropped by." In this random saying of Johnson's the name of Mrs. Montagu, the once famous queen of the blues, has its best chance of being preserved. And yet, in her day, she was a great power. She had a quick mind, not a little reading, a love of learned men, a still greater love of patronizing learned men, a certain magnificence of character, and seven thousand a year. She built herself a fine town house which Horace Walpole greatly admired. He calls it a palace, a noble, simple edifice, a magnificent house. Here she gave grand entertainments. Walpole writes that one morning she breakfasted seven hundred

From Temple Bar.

WATERLOO WAIFS.

ON Sunday, June 18, 1815, it chanced that between the services a clergyman in Kent was walking in his garden with his gardener, an old soldier who had gone through the Peninsular campaign. The gardener looked attentively at a bank, from the face of which mould kept crumbling down.

"There's a fight going on, sir, somewhere! When we were in Spain we always knew when a cannonade was taking place, wherever it might be, by a crumbling of fresh mould." He took a spade and dug down a foot: along the smooth surface left by the steel an imperceptible trembling shook down little pellets of soil. "That's it, sir," said the old soldier, "they are at it sure enough!"

This was the first intimation in England of the battle of Waterloo.

It is matter of history how with consummate skill Napoleon had concentrated an army of upwards of one hundred and twenty-eight thousand men close to the frontier, and how everything appeared to favor his well-laid plan of separating, by a sudden attack, the allied English and Prussian armies, and defeating them in detail.

The panic at Brussels, so well described by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair," the hard-fought battle of Quatre Bras and Ligny taking place simultaneously, the defeat of the Prussians, and necessary retreat of the English to the position of Waterloo, are all matters of history; but there were incidents which, even at this distance of time, will be read by many with interest.

Wellington was expecting an attack, but was uncertain on what point it would be made, so that when the actual collision took place at Quatre Bras there were few British troops present, and it was only by most desperate hard fighting that the ground was held. Probably the only occasion on which, when in high command, the Duke of Wellington had occasion to draw his sword in earnest was at Quatre Bras. The Brunswick Hussars had charged the French cavalry, but were utterly broken, and galloped back mixed pell-mell with the enemy. The duke endeavored to rally them, but got involved in the scuffle, and had nothing for it but, sword in hand, to put his horse to his speed and to fairly leap over the soldiers of the 92nd Highlanders, who were lining a ditch. So near a thing was it that an officer of chasseurs and some troopers broke

through the Highlanders, and the officer made a dash at the duke, but was wounded and made prisoner just before he reached him. The officer, M. Bourgoigne, was six months at Brussels, when he was sufficiently recovered from his wounds to proceed to his home in Paris.

On the 17th, the English army had made good progress towards the position of Waterloo, when the French, who had been inactive during many hours, advanced in heavy masses. The battery of artillery commanded by Captain Mercer was the very rearmost of the British troops, and he has left a most spirited description of a scene which would form a good subject for a picture.

I had often longed to see Napoleon [he says]. Now I saw him, and there was a degree of sublimity in the interview rarely equalled. The sky had become overcast since the morning, and at this moment presented a most extraordinary appearance. Large isolated masses of thunder-clouds of the deepest, almost inky black, their lower edges hard and strongly defined, lagging down as if momentarily about to burst, hung suspended over us, involving our position and everything on it in deep and gloomy obscurity, whilst the distant hill occupied by the French army still lay bathed in brilliant sunshine. . . . A single horseman, immediately followed by several others, mounted the plateau I had left at a gallop, their dark figures thrown forward in strong relief from the illuminated distance, making them to appear much nearer to us than they really were. For an instant they pulled up and regarded us, when, several squadrons coming rapidly on the plateau, Lord Uxbridge cried out, "Fire! fire!" and giving them a general discharge we quickly limbered up to retire. . . . The first gun that was fired seemed to burst the clouds overhead, for its report was instantly followed by an awful clap of thunder, and lightning that almost blinded us, whilst the rain came down as if a waterspout had broken over us. The sublimity of the scene was inconceivable: flash succeeded flash, and the peals of thunder were long and tremendous, whilst, as if in mockery of the elements, the French guns still sent forth their feeble glare and now scarcely audible reports—their cavalry dashing on at a headlong pace, adding their shouts to the uproar. We galloped for our lives through the storm, striving to gain the inclosures about the houses of the hamlets, Lord Uxbridge urging us on, crying, "Make haste! make haste! for God's sake gallop or you'll be taken." We did make haste, and succeeded in getting amongst the houses and gardens, but with the French advance close on our heels.

Captain Mercer subsequently ascertained that it *was* Napoleon he saw—who

dashed forward with the chasseurs in hopes to catch the rearguard.

Every campaign presents examples of what is familiarly called good luck — and of the reverse! Of the latter, Sergeant Morris, of the 73rd (who has written a very modest account of his services), relates a remarkable instance.

During the night after Quatre Bras, an officer of his regiment arrived from England, having by liberal payment hurried from Ostend. He expressed his regret that he had not shared in the glories of the fight. "Oh," said the colonel, "if you are fond of such glory, you will have plenty of it to-morrow." The next morning the regiment changed route, and retired in line, the muskets being carried at the "trail," that is, grasped in the middle by the hand — muzzle in front. The newly arrived officer was in the rear before the line changed front, and, instead of going to what then became the rear, he marched on five or six paces in front of the line. The firelock of the man immediately behind him going off by accident, the ball entered the officer's back, passed through his heart, and he fell dead! His purse, sword, and epaulets were taken care of, a grave was speedily dug, and he who had travelled with such eager haste in pursuit of honor and glory, died by the hand of one of his own men.

So Marshal Ney, who was indeed a hero of a hundred fights, died at last with his back to a wall, shot in the Luxembourg Gardens by veterans whom he had commanded and led to victory.

His comrade, Drouet, Count d'Erlon, was more fortunate. He stood high in the confidence of Napoleon, and commanded the first *corps d'armée* at Waterloo. After the landing of Napoleon at Cannes, but before the army had declared in his favor, D'Erlon was stationed at Lisle, where Marshal Mortier was governor under the Legitimists. Mortier detected D'Erlon tampering with the soldiery, and had him promptly tried by court-martial. He was condemned to death, and without delay was led to the square of the citadel, with eyes bandaged. A file of soldiers were drawn up before him, their pieces were even presented, and the fatal sign was momentarily expected, but the troops rose suddenly against Mortier, and declared D'Erlon commander in his place! The wheel of fortune having thus turned, D'Erlon generously released Mortier, and sent him in safety to Paris, where he soon after declared in favor of the emperor, and would have commanded the Imperial

Guard at Waterloo had he not been laid up at Beaumont with acute sciatica. Marshal Ney considered himself fortunate to be able to buy Mortier's horses, as he left Paris in such haste that he had none of his own; but the horses were both shot under him at Waterloo.

By the way, a curious story has recently arrived from America (so prolific in stories and announcement of storms), to the effect that the execution of Ney was a mere sham — that after a decent performance of execution, as previously arranged, he was carried off by his friends and smuggled over to America, where he lived, fought his battles over again for many years, and recently died, of course "universally respected." Poor Ney! would it had been so! He was not even permitted to wear his uniform, lest it might excite the sympathy of the soldiers, but when shot was attired as a civilian, refused to have his eyes bound, walked to about ten paces from the wall, raised his hat with his left hand, placing his right on his heart and himself gave the word to fire! Three balls pierced his head, four his body, and thus he died. We remember the spot as it was, a low wall in a secluded part of the Luxembourg Gardens; but all is changed, the spot where he stood being marked by his statue in bronze.

The simplicity with which that cool old hand, Sergeant Morris, relates his experience of Waterloo is refreshing. After a miserable night in rain and slush, he proceeded thus — in the open air, of course. "Having shaved myself and put on a clean shirt, I felt tolerably comfortable, though many around me were complaining much of cramps and agues." The action becoming warm, he says, "As the enemy's artillery was taking off a great many of our men we were ordered to lie down, and I took advantage of this circumstance to obtain an hour's sleep, as comfortable as ever I did in my life, though there were at that time upwards of three hundred cannon in full play."

The sergeant's slumbers were at length disturbed by the enemy's cavalry, who

deliberately walked their horses up to the bayonets' point, and one of them, leaning over his horse, made a thrust at me with his sword. I could not avoid it, and involuntarily closed my eyes; when I opened them again, my enemy was lying just in front of me, within reach. In the act of thrusting at me, he had been wounded by one of my rear-rank men; and whether it was the anguish of the wound, or the chagrin of being defeated, I know not, but he endeavored to terminate his existence with

his own sword. This being too long for his purpose, he took one of our bayonets which was lying on the ground, and raising himself up with one hand he placed the point of the bayonet under his cuirass, and fell on it.

A short time since we saw in the window of an old curiosity shop a pair of spurs, labelled "Silver spurs worn by General Picton at the Battle of Waterloo — authentic."

What associations those spurs called up! As Ney was to the French "the bravest of the brave," so was to the English, Picton, the leader of "the fighting division," as it was called.

So hurried was Picton's departure from Brussels that he had not even time to put on his uniform, and wore at Waterloo a blue coat buttoned up to the chin, drab greatcoat, and round hat. Thus strangely attired he began to chat with Captain Mercer, who had just placed his battery in position. The captain did not like his looks.

A man [says he] of no very prepossessing appearance came rambling amongst our guns, and entered into conversation with me on the occurrences of the day; he was dressed in a shabby old drab greatcoat and a rusty round hat. I took him at the time for some amateur from Brussels, of whom we had heard there were several hovering about, and thinking many of his questions rather impertinent, was somewhat short in answering him, and he soon left us. Great was my astonishment on learning soon after that this was Sir Thomas Picton.

On the previous day, at Quatre Bras, Picton had been badly bruised by a cannon-ball, which grazed his hip, but concealed this from all save his servant, knowing that the decisive battle was at hand.

The fight had fairly begun, when Picton, who was calmly watching the advance of a strong French column towards his position, noticed the unsteadiness of a Dutch-Belgian brigade just in front; and on his aide-de-camp remarking that he was sure they would run, replied, "Never mind! they shall have a taste of it at all events." But they did not wait even for this, but fairly bolted. One portion, in its eagerness to get away, nearly ran over the grenadier company of the 28th, the men of which were so enraged that they were with difficulty prevented from firing on the fugitives.

The flight of this brigade left a serious gap in the British line, and Picton had only some three thousand men to oppose a column of thirteen thousand. He knew his

men, however, and seizing his opportunity poured in a crashing volley just as the French were attempting to deploy. One can easily picture the scene: Picton, his eyes all aflame, sees the French staggering under the tremendous volley poured in at the distance of a few yards. Raising himself up in his stirrups, and waving his sword, he shouts with stentorian voice, "Now, my lads, charge! charge! Hurrah!" How the Highlanders *did* charge is matter of history, but their fierce responsive cheer has not died away when Picton is seen to reel in his saddle and sink slowly down. He is caught as he falls by his aide-de-camp and a Highlander, but his gallant spirit had passed away as he ever wished it should, in the turmoil of battle — a bullet striking his right temple had pierced his brain, and death was instantaneous!

His body was brought to England, and deposited in a rough coffin in the vaults of the chapel of the burying-grounds of St. George's, Hanover Square. On June 8, 1859, we were prevented crossing Oxford Street by a funeral which seemed to excite more than usual interest. It was a funeral of a semi-military character, and we asked a policeman whose it was. "Oh! sir, that's the body of General Picton, who was killed at Waterloo, you know. They are taking him to St. Paul's." And so they were! Tardy was the tribute, but it came at last, and he now rests near his old commander, Wellington, in the cathedral.

The last cannonade from the French was from a battery of fourteen guns, and it was a grape-shot from one of these that, passing through the body of the horse Lord Anglesey had just mounted, smashed his knee, and caused the loss of his leg. The very last shot fired was from one of these guns, turned on the fugitive French by Captain Campbell, aide-de-camp to Sir Frederick Adam, who six weeks afterwards accompanied Sir Walter Scott over the field of battle.

To those who remember the enthusiastic welcome afforded to our troops on their return from the Crimea, especially that never-to-be-forgotten scene in Hyde Park, it will be scarcely credible that on the regiments who had fought at Waterloo returning home they were treated with the utmost coldness, nay, with positive neglect, and in some instances worse. Lord Albemarle says: —

We landed at Dover in the latter end of December. . . . An anti-military spirit had set in. Waterloo and Waterloo men were at

a discount. We were made painfully sensible of the change. If we had been convicts disembarking from a hulk, we could hardly have met with less consideration. . . . The only persons who took any notice of us were the custom-house officers, and they kept us for hours under arms in the cold, while they subjected us to a rigid search. These functionaries were more than usually on the alert at this time, because a day or two before a brigade of artillery, with guns loaded to the muzzle with French lace, had just slipped through their fingers.

But even greater was the insult offered to the gallant 73rd, as related by Sergeant Morris :—

Before we entered the town (Colchester), it was suggested that we ought to be decorated with laurel; and on passing a gentleman's grounds where there was plenty of it growing, he was civilly requested to allow us to take some, telling him the purpose for which it was wanted. He not only gave a peremptory refusal, but also applied to us the term "vagabonds." On the circumstance being reported to our commanding officer, he told us he would halt for half an hour to allow us to get laurel, and an intimation was pretty plainly given that we might get it at the ground we had just passed.

The hint was taken, and an ample supply to decorate both colors and caps was incontinently gathered.

The Duke of Wellington did not trust to *verbal* orders; he wrote them on tables of asses' skin, such as are in pocket-books, but larger. We have seen some of those actually used at Waterloo; the writing was in pencil, very legible. One begins, "I see that the fire has extended from the haystack to the house" (Hougoumont), and desires that care be taken that the men are not injured by the falling of the roof or floor. Several were scratched with pencil, indicating that they had been used and the orders acted on, for the duke always had the tablets returned to him.

It has come down as an accepted fact, that Napoleon had the narrowest possible escape of capture when his carriage was taken, he escaping out of one door as the other was opened by the Prussians; yet we can find no authentic statement of this. Nothing is said about it by the captor, the Prussian official account being :—

At the entrance of Genappe, Major von Keller met the travelling carriage of Bonaparte, with six horses. The postilion and the two leaders were killed by the bayonets of the fusiliers. The major then cut down the coachman and forced open the doors of the carriage; the major then took possession of the carriage, and afterwards took it to En-

gland himself. The captured carriage contained a gold and silver *nécessaire*, a large silver chronometer, green velvet cap,

and many other things which are enumerated. The carriage is now to be seen at Madame Tussaud's, and some of the articles it contained. It will be observed that nothing is said of the emperor escaping from it; and the following, which we take from a French source, is possibly the true story :—

When the last battalions of the Guard were overthrown, Bonaparte was hurried away in the midst of the crowd, into a cider-orchard near the farm of Caillou; there he was met by two cavaliers of the Guard, who conducted him cautiously through the Prussian parties that were scouring the country, but who, fortunately for him, were all employed in stopping and plundering the equipages.

De Coster, who was with him as guide during the whole day, says that he rode at full speed to Genappe, which he reached at half past nine. From Genappe Napoleon directed his course towards Quatre Bras, pressing on with renewed haste. When he arrived at Gosselies he alighted from his horse and went the rest of the way to Charleroi—nearly a league—on foot; he passed through Charleroi at half past two in the morning, having again mounted, and beyond the town went into a meadow, where a large fire was made for him, and two bottles of wine and two glasses were brought, which were drank by the party. At a quarter before five Coster was dismissed, and Napoleon again mounted and rode away.

It is wonderfully difficult to arrive at the simplest facts in matters of history. Rogers makes the duke say that after the battle he supped with the *corps diplomatique*, "in a spacious tent erected in the valley for that purpose;" but curiously enough, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith has left on record the following interesting narrative. The "Hero of Acre" appears to have ridden out from Brussels and reached the battle-field in the evening. Says he :—

I stemmed the torrent of the disabled and "givers in" the best way I could—was now and then jammed amongst broken wagons by a drove of disarmed Napoleonist Janissaries, and finally reached the Duke of Wellington's person, and rode in with him from St. Jean to Waterloo. Thus, though I was not allowed to have any of the fun, nor to be one too many (*vulgo*, a fifth wheel to a coach), I had the heartfelt gratification of being the first Englishman not in the battle who shook hands with him before he got off his horse, and of drinking his health at his table—a supper I